

CHURCHILL'S EPISTLE

TO

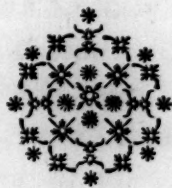
WILLIAM HOGARTH, Esq.

R E - V E R S I F I E D.

WITH

N O T E S.

Ut Pictura, Poësis erit; HOR.
The Cap becomes thee well; so wear it.



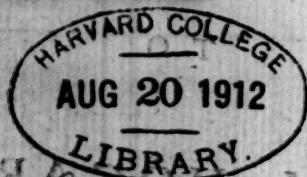
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CHURCHILL - EPISTLE



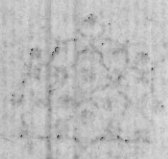
WILLIAM B. RITCHIE, Esq.
Lane Fund

REVEREND

WITH

NOTES

UTRINQUE, Books etc; Hor.
The Cup becomes thus well; to wear it.

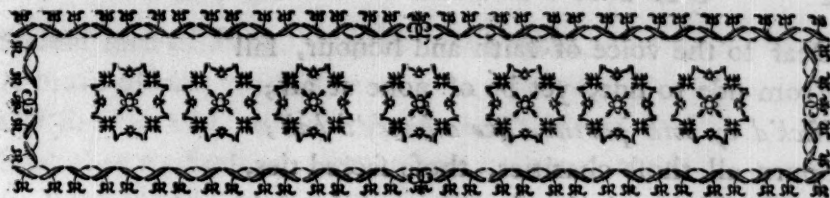


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CHURCHILL'S EPISTLE
TO
WILLIAM HOGARTH, Esq.
R E - V E R S I F I E D.

A MONGST the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not ~~their~~ own!
So spoke Macflecko from his Irish throne.
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence ; 5
None wilt thou give, we may conclude from hence.
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is jealousy, a rival there,
But fool with fool in amity may pair.
Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's base, 10
Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race ;
But spare, oh ! spare us from thy Chevy-Chase.
Let Vice and Folly thy black soul divide,
Be proud with Meanness, and be mean with Pride,
* *A calf to men, a man to calves ally'd :* 15

* Semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem. OVID.

B

Deaf

Deaf to the voice of faith and honour, fall
 From side to side, yet be of none at all;
Kick'd by both parties, like a bandy'd-ball;
 Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
 Which Nature in her bounty, good as wise, 20
And art from anvil, or her bemp supplies,
 To work our safety, and ensure her plan,
 Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man,
Or patch the fractures of a frying-pan;
 Lift against Virtue Pow'r's oppressive rod, 25
 Betray thy country, and deny thy God,
Or send thy readers to the Land of Nod;
 And in one general comprehensive line,
 To group, which volumes scarcely could define,
Hang up thy brethren, and their shoes be thine: 30
 Whate'er of sin and dullness can be said,
 Join to a F---'s heart a D---'s head.
And crown thy merits with a pig of lead;
 Yet may'st thou pass unnotic'd in the throng
 And free from envy safely sneak along,
For who would give a farthing for thy song? 35
 The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shewn
 To saints, whose lives are better than his own,
Beneath whose works the Printing Presses groan,
 Shall spare thy crimes, and Wit * who never once 40
 Forgave a brother, shall forgive a dunce;
Then safe art thou; for dullness † is thy scone.
 But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
 Vile int'rest scorn, nor madly grasp at pow'r,
But challenge Newgate, and defy the Tower: 45

* Who relative to Wit, Bæotice pro which.

† Hic murus aheneus esto. HOR.

Should love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind,
 A brave disease, with love of virtue join'd,
 Old *stuff* retail'd, and counterfeits new coin'd,
 Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, try'd
 In Reason's court, is amply justify'd; 50
 Though without rhyme or reason on thy side,
 Or fond of knowledge, and averse to strife,
 Should'st thou prefer the calmer walks of life;
 And leave off railing like an oyster-wife;
 Should'st thou, by pale and sickly study led, 55
 Pursue coy Science to the fountain-head;
 Why catch her by the Tail, and---go to bed.
 Virtue thy guide, and public good thy end,
 Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
 As tinkers crack the kettles they would mend, 60
 To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
 Purge the sick weal, and humanize mankind,
 And brutalize the brutes, and blind the blind.

Rage

Ver. 57. *Why catch her by the Tail, &c.*] Alluding to these lines in the Dunciad:

There Index-Learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the Eel of Science by the Tail.

Which occasioned the following Epigram:

While Ch-----ll void of all discerning,
 Attempts to catch from Index-Learning
 "The Eel of Science by the Tail,"
 In hopes to salt her up for sale,
 She through his fingers slips unkind,
 And only leaves her slime behind.

Ver. 63. - - - - - humanize mankind,
 And brutalize the brutes, and blind the blind.

"This, quoth a certain caviller, is *actum agere*, throwing water on a drowned rat, and like Falstaff's feat of dispatching dead men". But hold, good Mr. Critic; methinks thou little knowest the powers of Poetical Imagination. Thus, Alexander, according to Dryden,

- - - - - fought all his battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he *stew* the slain.

To

Rage in her eye, and malice in her breast,
 Redoubl'd horror grinning on her crest, 65
Like Pug the Poet under an arrest;
 Fiercer each snake, and sharper every dart,
 Quick from her cell shall madd'ning Envy start,
Exhaust her kennels, and replete thy cart;
 Then shalt thou find, but find alas! too late, 70
 How vain is worth! how short is glory's date!
And rent the Babel of thy Bavian state!
 Then shalt thou find, whilst friends with foes conspire
 To give more proof than Virtue would desire,
*Thy bouncing muse * but flounders in the mire.* 75
 Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
 No crimes so great, as daring to excell
In Billingsgate, for which you bear the bell.

To speak in plain Prose, what is done cannot be undone: for instance, if an Author hath caused his works to be hawked, and cried through the streets, he cannot recal them into his garret. But what is done may be done again; and, if the said Author hath published nonsense at his own proper cost and charges, I see no legal incapacity, why he may not be privileged, and indulged to proceed, and publish more nonsense, or the same numerical nonsense over and over again, the Corporation of Critics saving, and reserving unto themselves, at all times, the right of entering their protest with a *Caveat Emptor*. But to vindicate our Author's expressions even in a literal sense, let us only suppose a very familiar and obvious case, that a brace of Gentlemen Poets were apprehended by a constable for a vast debt of eight or ten shillings, and that a malevolent Critic should exclaim, *Num capti, potuere capi?* I would answer in the affirmative; for if a fresh warrant for another demand were put into his hands, would they not be subject to two captions? To cut the matter short, after the good old Monkish manner.

*Tum. capti potuere capi,
 Et rapti potuere rapi.*

That is to say,

Then catch'd they might be catch'd,
 And snatch'd they might be snatch'd.

----- Hæres,
 Nequicquam Cæno cupiens evellere plantam. HOR.

WHILST

WHILST Satire thus, disdaining mean controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul, 80
To drink full bumpers from the flowing bowl;
Candour, * who with the Charity of Paul
Still thinks the best, whene'er she thinks at all,
And thinks of thee, when she would think of gall;
With the sweet-milk of human kindness blest'd, 85
The furious ardour of my soul repress'd,
I pray thee, rest, perturbed spirit, rest!

CAN'ST thou, with more than usual warmth, she cried,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,
Provoke due vengeance to thy naked hide? 90
Can'st thou, severe by nature as thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Thus play the paltry Poetaster's part?
Delight to torture truth ten thousand ways,
To spin destruction forth from themes of praise, 95
And, mumbling thistles, merit birch, not bays?
To make vice fit, for purposes of strife,
And draw the hag much larger than the life,
Like Mother Shipton in her greasy coif:

* Bæotice pro, *which*, ut supra.

Ver. 96. *And mumbling thistles, &c.*] Alluding to his frequent and scurrilous
invectives against the Scots, which drew this just censure upon him,

O thou, whom neither sacred law,
Nor majesty can keep in awe!
Subsist by popular distraction,
As maggots feed on putrefaction:
Eternal war with Priscian wage,
And vent the tempest of thy rage
On Scots, in Libel, or Epistle!
Yet dread the motto of the Thistle:
What you would mumble for your maw,
Must only prick your Ass's jaw.

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To make the good seem bad, the bad seem worse, 100
And represent our nature as our curse,
A busy blockhead with an empty purse?

Doth not humanity condemn that zeal,
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal,
But sow sedition through the public-weal? 105

Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,
And danger grinning stare thee in the face?
Not loss of leather?---vide Tutchin's case;

Loud as the drum, which, spreading terror round,
From emptiness acquires the pow'r of sound, 110
Wilt thou still babble, like an half-bred Hound?

Doth not the voice of Norton strike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy soul with fear?
Beware, beware; the pillory is near.

Dost thou, fond man, believe thyself secure, 115
Because thou'rt honest, and because thou'rt poor?
Alas! the bailiff stands before thy door.

Dost thou on law and liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend;
Reflect on R-per, and avoid his end. 120

Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of pow'r,
When Wilkes prejudg'd is sentenc'd to the Tow'r,
And Bridewell yet may be thy Muse's dow'r.

Dost thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name, 125
And shameless authors may be brought to shame?

Ver. 117. *Alas! the bailiff stands. &c.*] I have seen in a certain MS.

The dunning Taylor barks before the door;

Which I take to be the legitimate reading, written in imitation of Virgil's---
Hylax in limine latrat.

Or

Or to prerogative (that glorious ground
On which state-soundrels oft have safety found)
O bard, for whom no bruiser will be bound!
Dost thou pretend, and there a sanction find, 130
Unpunished thus, to libel human-kind,
Dull as a drone, and as a beetle blind?

When * Poverty, the Poet's constant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit to trade in rhyme,
Ring, and re-ring the same eternal chime; 135
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Had'st thou not valu'd honour more than bread,
Thy Clio never had been brought to bed.
Had Int'rest, pliant Int'rest been thy guide,
And had not prudence been debauch'd by pride, 140
To drudge for wit, and tugg against the tide,
In Flattery's stream thou would'st have dipp'd thy pen,
Apply'd to great, and not to honest men;
To save thy curship from the Lions Den;
Nor should conviction have seduc'd thy heart 145
To take the weaker, tho' the better part:
If for self-sale 'twere not the surest mart.

WHAT but rank folly, for thy curse decreed,
Could into Satire's barren path mislead
A beast to browse on hemlock and rag-weed? 150
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-soothing panegyric's flow'ry way!
And poppy-posies might thy front array?

* Imped from Horace,

- - - - - Paupertas impulit audax,
Ut versus facerem.

Ver. 153. *And poppy-posies, &c.*] This is a literal translation from the fragment of an old anonymous Poet,

Ornarent lepidam collecta papavera frontem,

There

There might the muse have saunter'd at her ease,
 And pleasing others, learn'd herself to please 155
With beans and bacon, or with butter'd pease:
 Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,
 And ladies simp'ring, own'd it vastly sweet,
And bid the butler bid its author eat---
 Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue grac'd, 160
 Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste
In pickles, sauces, soups, ragouts and paste,
 Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
 Such wit, such truth as thine to quit the gown,
Or dangle for a dinner up and down. 165
 Thy sacred brethren too (for they, no less
 Than laymen, bring their offerings to success)
With great submission as a man may guess,
 Had hail'd thee good, if great, and paid the vow
 Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst thou, 170
Not rob'd with ragged, rusty crape, as now,
 In lawn had'st whisper'd to a sleeping crowd,
 As dull as R---, and half as proud
As W--kes, haranguing to the gaping crowd.
 PEACE, candour, ---wisely hadst thou said, and well, 175
 Could interest in this breast one moment dwell,
Or guts in brains, and brains within thy shell,
 Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
 The firm resolves, which from conviction rose ---
Would that thy dialogue were near a close. 180

Ver. 159. *And bid the butler, &c.*] The Butler with propriety might conduct him into the Pantry, and regale him there with broken meat, *more minorum poetarum*. Yet instead of this energetic line, in some copies we find,

A maggot crawling on poetic feet.

Both have their peculiar beauties, wherefore *utrum horum mavis, accipe.*

I can-

I cannot truckle to a fool of state;
Nor take a favour from the man I hate,
Though B-te should make a Bishoprick the bait;
Free leave have others by such means to shine,
I scorn their practice, they may laugh at mine; 185
Why that was spoken like a brave divine.

BUT in this charge, forgetful of thyself,
Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that elf,
Abjur'd by bards, encumbr'd with no pelf,
Whom God in wrath for man's dishonour fram'd, 190
Cunning * in Heav'n, amongst us prudence nam'd,
Too cold a virtue for a priest inflam'd;
That servile prudence, which I leave to those,
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes;
What mortal ever heard such canting prose? 195

HAD I, with cruel and oppressive rhimes,
Pursu'd, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes:
Thou should'st be kick'd and cudgel'd for thy chimes;
Had I, when virtue gasping lay and low,
Joyn'd tyrant vice, and added woe to woe; 200
Well hadst thou bidden for the lash, I throw:

* Burlesqued from Homer Iliad α, ver. 403.

- - - Βρίαρεων καλέουσι θεοῖ, ἄνδρες δὲ τέ πάντες
Αἰγείων---

Whom Gods Briareus, Men Ægeon name. POPE.

Το μὲν κρεῖττον τῶν ὀνομάτων θεοῖς δίδωσιν ἡ πόιησις, ὡς θεϊότερον; saith that right reverend Prelate and sage Commentator Eustathius, with reference to the proper names used by mere mortals, "Poetry doth assign a more pompous form of appellatives to the Gods, as more suitable to their divinity." Our Poet's anticlimax is admirable: *Prudence*, which fully maketh one of the cardinal virtues, can only pass for *cunning* among the Lares or Wooden Gods of his upper regions; and perhaps the *wisdom* of some living authors may not far exceed the *cunning* of dead pigs.

D

Had

10 CHURCHILL'S EPISTLE

Had I made modesty in blushes speak,
 And drawn the tear down beauty's sacred cheek;
Could'st thou do so, they both indeed were weak:
 Had I (damn'd then) in thoughts debas'd my lays, 205
 To wound that sex, which honour bids me praise,
The sex should p-s on such a booby's bays:
 Had I, from vengeance by base views betray'd,
 In endless night sunk injur'd Ayliff's shade;
More thanks to thee his manes would have paid; 210
 Had I (which Satirists of mighty name,
 Renown'd in rhyme, rever'd for moral fame,
Provoking thee to prostitute thy shame,
 Have done before, whom justice shall pursue
 In future verse) brought forth to public view, 215
Like bruiser Bruin to the rabble crew,
 A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
 Because his worth was greater than my own,
Thy heart and head were harder than a stone:
 Had I spar'd those (so prudence had decreed) 220
 Whom God so help me at my greatest need,
And grant a neck-verse, if thou can'st but read;

Ver. 204. *Could'st thou do so, &c.*] In some copies is written,

Thou should'st at least be carted once a week.

Ver. 214.

- - - *Whom justice shall pursue*

In future verse, &c.] Tremble, all ye Satirists; for notwithstanding ye think yourselves very secure and snug in your established fame and moral characters, my lord chief-justice Ch----- is drawing up a swinging bill of indictment against your worships, in his high court of Parnassus, where with a vengeance he will so pickle, and cook, and dissect your bodies poetical, that ye will hardly make a meal for him and his hungry dogs, the snarling Critics, who this very moment are licking their lips to have you well basted, and roasted, and served up in *superiori canaculo*. He gives you fair warning, that the rod is already steeping in piss for your backs, and it is a special act of grace, if your faces escape his ordure.

I ne'er

I ne'er will spare those vipers to their king,
 Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they sting;
Then hang them up like herrings on a string: 225
 Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast
 Of those, who flatter least, but love him most,
And more would love him, could they rule the roast:
 Had I thus finn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
 At Candour's voice, and take as from a friend 230
From W--kes a skilling had he one to lend,
 The deep rebuke! myself should be the first
 To hate myself, and stamp my muse accurst,
Begot on dulness, and by folly nurs'd.
 But shall my arm--- forbid it manly pride, 235
 Forbid it reason, warring on my side ---
Forbid it fury thou the Poet's guide,

Ver. 234. *Begot on Dulness, &c.*] Much is here left for the reader's imagination to supply: among the distempers incident to the human constitution, as the most obstinate and incorrigible scurvies proceed from a poorness of the blood, so the most inveterate and incurable itch of scribbling breaketh out from indigence of circumstances. The remark of Perseus is physically just and true: *Magister artis ingenique largitor venter*; A lank belly setteth an empty head at work, and bringeth forth wonderful things to pass, in the ways of invention, from the most barren brains, like Virgil's mares impregnated by the winds. Nor was the Hippomanes of the latter more baneful to cattle, than the Libels of the former are to dabblers in Politics and Poetry, who catch the contagion from one another.

A false and irregular appetite for fame may carry a poor man's ambition and vanity to great lengths; but, if we trace things to their sources, we shall find most of those factious, seditious, and abusive pamphlets, with which the Press daily teemeth, to be the genuine productions of actual hunger. This prompteth, and stingeth the mercenary scribe, like Satan generating death on sin, to beget an incestuous muse on his own dullness, which, deformed as it droppeth into the world, some silly bookseller taketh up, and dry-nurseth, till, through long confinement, want of air and exercise, it becometh insensibly stupid, lethargic and rickety, and dieth of a book-worm-fever, or grocery-consumption.

Ver. 236. *Forbid it reason, warring, &c.*] Perhaps *warring* hath crept into the Text, for *jarring*.

For

For vengeance lifted high the stroke forbear,
 And hang suspended in the desert air,
Enwrap't with clouds, like all thy castles there, 240
 Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sink down,
 Palsied forsooth, by Candour's half-made frown,
(And so the jade would rob thee of renown.)
 When justice bids me on, shall I delay,
 Because insipid Candour bars my way? 245
No, no, whip on, and thou shalt win the day.
 When she, of all alike the puling friend,
 Would disappoint my satire's noblest end,
Restrain thy libels, and thy manners mend.
 When she to villains would a sanction give,
 And shelter those, who are not fit to live; 250
Convict thyself, and hope for no reprieve.
 When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
 And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush?
Like caterpillars? --- hut, quoth Eccbo, hush! 255
 All leagues with Candour proudly I resign,
 She cannot be for honour's turn nor mine;
Much less instruct me where I am to dine.
 YET come, cold Monitor, half foe, half friend,
 Whom vice can't fear, whom virtue can't commend, 260
This canting cant will never have an end,
 Come, Candour, by thy dull indiff'rence known,
 Thou equal-blooded judge, thou luke-warm drone,
For ever buzzing in the self-same tone,
 Who, fashion'd without feelings, doth expect 265
 We call that virtue, which we know defect,
And ribbald him, whom rascal we detect;

Ver. 240. *Enwrap't with clouds, &c.*] For this an ancient Code hath

Like thy twin sister Urfa Minor fair.

Come,

Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
The gross and rank complexion of the times,
And gross complexion of thy ranker rhimes. 270

Observe it well, and then review my plan;
Praise if you will, or censure if you can;
Thou art indeed a most facetious man!

WHILST Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
And Piety is only known at Court, 275

Or cork'd in Ch---ll o'er a pint of port;
Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of Excise,
And unchastis'd licentious folly flies;

When * Nobles act, without one touch of shame, 280
What men of humble rank would blush to name,

Like dainty prudes, and yet would act the same:
Whilst honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
Worshipp'd by those, who justice never knew;
And some escape her, tho' we know their due; 285

Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play
The hours of rest, and blunder through the day,
Retaining dunces in their weekly pay,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep, 290
Or give up places, which they could not keep;

Ver. 276. *Or cork'd in Ch---ll, &c.*] Some shallow-pated Critics have objected, that though piety may be very modest and reserved, yet should she not be bottled up after this fashion: To which I would answer, that this cautionary provision was absolutely necessary, Mr. Ch---ll's piety being of so refined, subtle, and volatile a quality, that, if it were once suffered to take air, the pure æthereal quintessence would presently flit, evaporate, and leave nothing behind, but gross fæculence and a mere *caput mortuum*.

* Stolen, or strayed from Juvenal,

At vos, Trojugenæ, vobis ignoscitis, et, quæ
Tarpia Cerdoni, vobis Brutosque decebunt.

Sat. viii.

E

Whilst

Whilst fathers by relentless passion led,
 Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
Who herd with scribblers at the B-dford-Head,
 Merely with ill-got, ill-sav'd wealth to grace 295
 An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race,
When Grub-street better might supply their place:
 Whilst M-rtin flatters only to betray,
 And W-bb gives up his dirty soul for pay,
And Mongrils loud'y bark, and Asses bray; 300
 Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
 Whilst peers are agents made, and agents peers,
And W--kes and Ch---ll overbold their ears:
 Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
 And makers ruin'd by the things they made, 305
Then woe to dealers in the lying trade.
 Whilst C---ll, false to God and man, for gold,
 Like the old traytor, who a Saviour fold,
And younger traytor of the bleating fold!
 To shame his master, friend and father gives; 310
 Whilst B-te remains in pow'r, whilst H-ll-nd lives,
And bread is bread, and water runs thro' sieves;
 Can Satire want a subject, where disdain
 By virtue fir'd may point her sharpest strain,
But never pierce the callus of thy brain; 315
 Where cloath'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
 And Candour justify the rage of song,
And bell-man Bruin ring a loud ding-dong?
 SUCH Things, such men before thee, such an age,
 Where rancour, such as thine, may glut her rage, 320
 Blacken white walls, defile the virgin page,

Ver. 303. *And W-likes and Ch---ll, &c.*] His Majesty's Attorney-General should, in this case, bring his writ of *quare impedit*, and eject them in due form.

And

And sicken e'en to surfeit, where the pride
 Of Satire, pouring down in fullest tide
Of filthy nonsense, floating by her side,
 May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the while, 325
 Justice behold the ruin with a smile,
Thy blasted labours blazing on a pile;
 Whilst I thy foe misdeem'd cannot condemn,
 Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem,
Thy rage is choler, and thy choler phlegm; 330
 Wilt thou degen'rate, and corrupted, chuse
 To soil the credit of thy haughty muse,
To ply for pence, and batten in the stews?
 With fallacy most infamous to stain
 Her truth, and render all her anger vain, 335
Since not a shilling can attend thy strain?
 When I beheld thee incorrect, but bold,
 A various comment on the stage unfold,
But no surcoat to guard thee from the cold;
 When play'rs on play'rs before thy satire fell, 340
 And poor Reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell,
Review thy works, and ring their passing bell;
 When states and statesmen next became thy care,
 And only Kings were safe, if thou wast there;
And were they safe?---a mercy that they were! 345
 Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in judgment's scale,
 And in thy ev'ry word found truth prevail,
That all thy fibs have neither head nor tail;
 Why dost thou now, to Falsehood meanly fly?
 Not even Candour can forgive a lie, 350
But Parson Prim absolves it by the bye.

Ver. 351. *But Parson Prim, &c.]* Some Critics have arraigned this line for
 impropriety: But what is more natural for a tender and indulgent parent, than
 to forgive the failings of his own offspring?

BAD

BAD as men are, why should thy frantic rhimes
 Traffic in slander, and invent new crimes,
*To dub thee thus, the Titus * of the times ;*
 Crimes, which existing only in thy mind, 355
 Weak spleen brings forth to blacken all mankind,
Yet leaves a load of calumny behind ?
 By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
 To practice virtue, and improve in art ;
And for thy foisted puffs accept a f--t. 360
 To thwart these ends, which, proud of honest fame,
 A noble muse would cherish, and inflame,
To carp at Kings, and Ministers defame,
 Thy drudge contrives, and in our full career
 Sicklies our hopes with the pale hue of fear ; 365
But be not daunted, while thou hast an ear.
 Tells us, that all our labours are in vain,
 That what we seek we never can obtain ;
Tho' blest with Blackmore's everlasting strain :
 That, dead to Virtue, lost to Nature's plan, 370
 Envy possesses the whole race of man,
But most the tribe of poetasters wan ;
 That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
 Danger extreme, in being good and wise,
As † woodcock wise, and good for guarding pies. 375
 'Tis a rank falsehood ; search the world around,
 There cannot be so vile a monster found,
From garret up in air, to cellar under ground,

* Subintelligitur Oates.

Ver 365. *Sicklies our hopes, &c.*] Mistaken from Shakespeare.

† In some copies the triplet is thus closed,

Behold another Solomon arise !

Ver. 378. *From garret up in air, &c.*] For this an old Scholiast would insert,
 Among the divers of thy vast profound.

Not

Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
 Of that gross guilt, which you impute to all, 380
That overflowing of thy native gall.
 Approv'd by those, who disobey her laws,
 Virtue from vice itself extorts applause :
But frenzy never gives thy fury pause.
 Her very foes bear witness to her state, 185
 They will not love her, but they cannot hate:
Cudgel they can, but cannot crack thy pate.
 Hate virtue for herself, with spite pursue
 Merit for merit's sake! might this be true,
They should like thee be beaten black and blue. 390
 I would renounce my nature with disdain,
 And with the beasts that perish, graze the plain,
A beast thou art, and must a beast remain;
 Might this be true, had we so far fill'd up
 The measure of our crimes, and from the cup 395
Of foul sedition, when we went to sup,
 Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find,
 Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg behind,
We should see double---if we were not blind:

F

Quick

Ver. 398. - - - *one dreg behind.*] This beyond all peradventure
 must be the printer's blunder. Some Commentators would thus reform the
 Text,

- - - not leave one drop of dram behind.

This maketh good sense, and seemeth to concord with the context, and subject-
 matter of the poem: however, the change appeareth to be too violent, and
 latitudinarian: nor are such licences to be granted to modern compilers, by which
 innovations the faith of ancient manuscripts may be corrupted: others for dreg
 or dram would insert *drug*: but this I nauseate as absurd and insulse. For my
 part I shall not disturb the text, taking only the freedom of adding one little
 letter, to render it current English; read it therefore at my peril, as, I make
 no question, our author wrote

- - - one dregs behind.

This

Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball, 400
 And Providence in justice crush us all,
A world of apes, the rhimers of Grub-Hall.
 None but the damn'd, and among them the worst,
 Those, who for double guilt, are doubly curs'd,
To swell with rancour, and with envy burst, 405
 Can be so lost; nor can the worst of all
 At once into such deep damnation fall,
As waits thy works, the lumber of a stall:
 By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
 Which e'en in hell must be a work of time, 410
To weave such flimsy stuff, and tag with tinsel rhyme.

CEASE then thy guilty rage, thou wayward son,
 With the foul gall of discontent o'er-run;
Doing to be by dirty work undone:
 Lift to my voice---be honest if you can, 415
 Nor slander Nature in her fav'rite man,
Thou great sink-warden of the close-stool-pan.

This is an elegant Latinism, such as *una literæ, una castra, una mænia*, which rhetorical flower our Aristarchus, Mr. Johnson, it is to be hoped, will adopt into the next impression of his excellent and incomparable dictionary.

Ver. 411. *To weave such flimsy, &c.*] For this a MS. of great antiquity not impertinently doth exhibit;

To sound the bathos of thy low sublime.

Ver. 417. *Thou great sink-warden, &c.*] Various are the readings of this verse: In some copies we find,

| | | |
|-----------------------|---|-------------------------|
| Profound explorer | } | of the close-stool-pan. |
| in others | | |
| Mysterious pontiff | | |
| in many | | |
| Thou foul forestaller | | |
| and in not a few, | | |

Appointed priest of Cloacina's pan.

But

But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
Once having err'd, persists in error still,
Display the trophies of thy grey-goose quill. 420
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent those blasphemies in air;
A p-x confound, and take thee for my share,
Which I would stamp as false, tho' on the tongue
Of angels the injurious slander hung: 425
To Bedlam trot, and dash about thy dung.

DUP'D by thy vanity, that cunning elf,
Who snares the coxcomb to deceive himself,
And pass thy p-fs-pot crockery for delf;
Or blinded by thy rage can't thou believe, 430
That we too, coolly would ourselves deceive,
To think a branded felon will not thief?
That we, as sterling, falsehood would admit,
Because 'twas season'd with some little wit?
Ay, very little---scarce, indeed, a bit. 435
When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie,
And that thou lovest like a mutton pie:

Ver. 432. *To think a branded, &c.*] A certain minute Critic, who would expound this passage in a literal sense, in the fervor of his zeal, thus crieth out, "Profane! base! abominable in a parson! methinks his Church Catechism might have taught him to keep his hands from picking and stealing, and his tongue from evil speaking, lying and slandering." But as charity covereth a multitude of sins, in like manner doth poverty plead for a number of offences against the state, his majesty, his ministers, and liege subjects, and whatever poetical licences the tongue or pen of our author might be tempted to take with his betters, yet the following epigram acquits him fully from that foul, illiberal, unclassical species of theft, vulgarly called petty-larceny, notwithstanding the harsh epithet *branded* (which must be considered metaphorically for *noted* or *notorious*) may make no very favourable impression.

From passing sentence on thee, what demur is?
Stat contra dicitque tibi tua pagina---sur es. MARTIAL.

But

But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
 Must have some solemn proof to pass her down, 440
An owl's grave look, and couple-beggar's gown;
 Hast thou, maintaining that, which must disgrace,
 And bring into contempt the human race,
But never dash thy brazen-fronted face;
 Hast thou, or canst thou in Truth's sacred court, 445
 To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
*Without an Alibi *, thy last resort,*
 Produce one proof, make out one real ground;
 On which so great, so gross a charge to found?
Here's Ch---ll's health, and, prithee, put it round: 450
 Nay, dost thou know one man, (let that appear,
 From wilful falsehood I'll proclaim thee clear)
And B-te shall glad thee with a pot of beer,
 One man so lost, to Nature so untrue,
 From whom this gen'ral charge thy rashness drew, 455
That one is one, and one and one are two?
 On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall---
 Prove that in one, which you have charg'd on all,
And thou shalt be the Laureat of Guild-Hall.
 Reason determines, and it must be done, 460
 'Mongst men, or past, or present name me one;
Come, ten to one, I name him for the fun.
 HOGARTH---I take thee, Candour, at thy word,
 Accept thy profer'd terms, and will be heard;
Old Nick for metre pluck thee by the beard: 465
 Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
 Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name;
Sound without sense, and smoke without a flame.

* A species of argument, by which the pleaders of Newgate frequently prove a negative, to learn which consult the trials at the Old Bailey.

By thee I have been charg'd in angry strains
 With that mean falshood, which my soul disdains--- 470
And lies on lies, the bastards of thy brains.
 Hogarth, stand forth---nay, hang not thus aloof---
 Now, Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,
As plainly shews thou hast a cloven hoof,
 Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear 475
 To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear---
*Clear as the conduct of thy foul compeer *.*
 Hogarth, stand forth---I dare thee to be try'd
 In that great court, where Conscience must preside;
Make way for Hogarth---let O-yes be cried. 480
 At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand;
 Think before whom, on what account you stand---
The mighty Ch---ll in his gown and band.
 Speak, but consider well from first to last,
 Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action past--- 485
Thou art a felon, and thou must be cast.
 Nay, you shall have no reason to complain,
 Take longer time, and view them o'er again,
Through the wild mazes of thy frantic brain;
 Can'st thou remember from thy earliest youth, 490
 And as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,
Blunt as thy verse, and as thy prose uncouth,
 A single instance, where, self laid aside,
 And justice taking place of fear and pride,
Which in good manners should not be deny'd; 495

* The late Col. W--- his fellow-trumpeter,

- - - - - Quo non præstantior alter
 Ære ciere viros, martemque accendere cantu. VIRG.

Than whom no better blaster ever blew
 The vocal brags to rouse the rabble crew.

G

Thou

Thou with an equal eye didst Genius view,
 And give to Merit, what was Merit's due?---
Thou hast a dog's eye, and it looks askew.
 Genius and Merit are a sure offence,
 And thy soul sickens at the name of sense, 500
Usurp'd by pedants without mode or tense.
 Is any one so foolish to succeed?
 On Envy's altar he is sure to bleed;
Bleed like a calf, thy sentence is decreed.
 Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes, 505
 The place of executioner supplies,
And trembling Cb---ll on his altar lies;
 See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
 And proves himself by cruelty a priest,
In sacrificing such a silly beast: 510
 Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
 Would bury all those powers which Nature gave,
To rant in bombast, and in fustian rave;
 Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
 Those rays thy jealousy could not endure, 515
(Thy fatuous rays but make us more obscure)

To

Ver. 496. *Thou with an equal eye didst genius view,*

497. *And gave to merit, what was merit's due.*

Genius here signifies that unlimited luxuriance of fancy, that independant creative faculty, by which the true disciples of Grub-street invent those entertaining and instructive fables or fictions, by commenting and enlarging upon which, good neighbours and gossips converse together with great freedom, and make themselves merry by turns at one another's cost; and the due rewards of such merit, if with-held by Mr. Hogarth, may be properly recovered at the King's Bench, or in the Spiritual Court.

Ver. 516. *Thy fatuous rays, &c.*] Conformable to that in Hudibras,

An Jgnis Fatuus, that bewitches,
 And leads men into pools and ditches.

This Jack with a Lantern is not more applicable to fanatical enthusiasts in religion, who would overturn our established orthodox religion by the schismatical cant

To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
 And to secure thy credit, blast his own,
Thy carrion-credit is for ever blown.
 In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend ; 520
 He could not fear, and therefore might commend,
Or compliment thee with a whip-Cord's end.
 But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
 Shook off that lethargy, and soar'd to fame,
Thy spirit soaring to a wooden frame ; 525
 When with the pride of man, resolv'd and strong,
 He scorn'd those fears, which did his honour wrong,
Vain as the winds and idle as thy song ;
 And on himself determin'd to rely,
 Brought forth his labours to the public eye, 530
And thine like puppies were brought forth to die.
 No friend in thee could such a rebel know ;
 He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe ;
But on thy brethren bonnets will bestow.
 SOULS of a tim'rous cast, of petty name, 535
 In Envy's court not yet quite dead to shame,
To which bard Bruin hath renounc'd all claim,
 May some remorse, some qualms of conscience feel,
 And suffer honour to abate their zeal :
Brass, is thine honour, and thy conscience steel ; 540
 But the man truly and compleatly great
 Allows no rule of action, but his Hate,
And airy visions of thy crazy pate.

cant of puritanical inspiration, than to those firebrands in Politics, who kindle up
 Sedition, inflame Faction, and, under the specious pretext of advancing Liberty,
 Patriotism, and Public Spirit, would introduce Anarchy, Tumult, and Confu-
 sion. Instead of *fatuous*, I have seen in an old MS. *dazzling rays*, which, per-
 haps, may be the right reading, as it is copied from that glaring line in Ovid,

Perque oculos tenebræ sunt tantum lumen abortæ.

Through

Through ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
 Passion his principle, and parts his prey, 545

And lust of future place, and present pay.

Mediums in vice and virtue speak a mind

Within the pale of temperance confin'd;

No pale can hold thee, so should fetters bind.

The daring spirit scorns her narrow schemes, 550

And, good or bad, is always in extremes,

As bug-bear whims diversify thy dreams.

MAN's practice duly weigh'd, thro' ev'ry age

On the same plan hath Envy form'd her rage,

But most in thee, the Zany of her stage. 555

'Gainst those, whom Fortune hath our rivals made,

In way of science, and in way of trade,

And all the ways of common-place parade,

Stung with mean jealousy, she arms her spite---

First works, then views their ruin with delight : 560

And so we bid thy Jealousy good-night.

Our Hogarth here a grand improver shines,

And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines,

But never, never can correct thy lines ;

HE like himself o'erleaps the servile bound, 565

Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found,

And, like thyself, thou art an empty sound.

Ver. 546. *And lust of future place, &c.*] Scriblerus for this would substitute

A factious fool, the dabbler of a day !

Like your Ephemeron-insect, that liveth only for a day.

Ver. 567. *And like thyself, &c.*] So that cunning Clerk Dan Pope in his Dunciad of Master Lewis Theobald singeth right meetly,

None but thyself can be thy parallel ;

And thus our Author proceedeth in this delicate epistle, according to the pre-script of Horace,

Primus ad extremum similis sibi.---

Should

Should painters only his vast wrath suffice?
Genius in ev'ry walk is lawful prize;
Thy walk is Grub-Street, and thy traffic lies, 570
'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state:
His love to merit is to feel his hate:
Then thou must never feel it at this rate.

WHEN W-lkes, our countryman, our common friend,
Arose his king, his country to defend, 575
Reform the state, and save--- a candle's end.
When fools of power he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew,
Nay, brav'd them to their teeth, Morblieu! Morblieu!
When rancour found it far beyond her reach 580
To soil his honour, and his truth impeach,
Or in his buck-skin breeches pick a breach,
What could induce thee at a time and place,
Where manly foes had blush'd to shew their face,
To clap that fool's cap on this Babe of grace? 585
To make that effort, which must damn thy name,
And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame,
To steal folks faces for thy grinning game?
Did virtue move thee? no; 'twas pride, rank pride,
And * if thou hadst not done it, thou hadst died, 590
Nor had this poem pastry-cook supply'd.
Malice, who disappointed in her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
And little wit with mickle folly blend,
Preys on herself, and, driven to the stake, 595
Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take,
Much mischief brews, and, as she brews, would bake:

* Aped from Virgil,

Et, si non aliqui nocuisses, mortuus esses.

Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmost verge,
 Had W-lkes and Liberty escap'd thy scourge---
To match the crambo, give thy muse a purge. 600

WHEN that great charter, which our fathers bought
 With their best blood, was into question brought,
And thy great charter is a void of thought,
 When big with ruin, o'er each English head
 Vile slav'ry hung, suspended by a thread, 605
And all thy libels could not purchase bread;
 When Liberty all trembling and a-ghast,
 Fear'd for the future knowing what was past,
Tis pretty clear, that thou hast no fore-cast.
 When every breast was chill'd with deep despair, 610
 Till reason pointed out, that Pratt was there,---
Pray, be so civil, as to tell us where.
 Lurking most ruffian-like, behind a screen,
 So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen:
Make sense of this, and make thy muse a Queen. 615
 Virtue with due contempt saw Hogarth stand,
 The murd'rous pencil in his palsied hand,
W-lkes claim'd the pencil; Ch---'s be the brand:
 What was the cause of Liberty to him,
 Or what was Honour? let them sink or swim, 620
And for thy verses tear thee limb from limb:
 So he may gratify without controul
 The mean resentments of his selfish soul,
Duns haunt thy door, and bailiffs catch thy pole;
 Let freedom perish, if, to freedom true, 625
 In the same ruin, W-lkes may perish too:
Nor thou retain the freedom of a shrew.

WITH

Ver. 621. *And for thy verses, &c.*] Such was the sentence passed upon poor Cinna, though his *Principles were as good, as his Poetry was bad.*

Ver. 627. *Nor thou retain, &c.*] To curtail the birth-right of an author, who came squalling into the world, is altogether illegal, unconstitutional, and arbitrary;

WITH all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
 With age and sickness pinch'd and worn away,
Be these thy badges to thy dying day, 630
 Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks and fault'ring tongue,
 The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
With all the nonsense thou hast said and sung,
 Thy body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
 Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk, 635
Weak as the hams of salivated punk,
 The body's weight unable to sustain,
 The stream of life scarce trembling thro' the vein
Of Balderdash, thick oozing from thy brain;
 More than half kill'd by honest truths, which fell, 640
 Through thy own fault, from men, who wish'd thee well
In Bedlam lash'd, and litter'd in a cell.
 Can't thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
 And dead to all things else, to malice live,
Wage war with words, nor spare an expletive? 645
 Hence, dotard, to thy closet, shut thee in,
 By deep repentance wash away thy sin,
Or let some Beadle discipline thy skin;
 From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
 And on the verge of death learn how to die, 650
And in oblivion like thy labours lie.

VAIN exhortation! wash the Ethiop white,
 Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
For thou wilt scribble in thy star's despite:

bitrary; wherefore our author may very fairly retort in the language of Horace,

- - - - Scilicet ut non

Sit mihi prima fides; et, verè quod placet, ut non

Accriter allatrem, pretium ætas altera sorder;

Ver. 651. *And in oblivion, &c.*] This is almost literally taken from that anonymous Poet aforecited,

Cumque tuis jaceas longâ sub nocte libellis,

Controul

Controul the course of nature, bid the deep 655
 Hush at thy pigmy-voice her waves to sleep,
 Or teach old Ringwood not to run at sheep,
 Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
 Too weak to work a change in such a heart,
 Or head, though batter'd by a pewter quart : 660
 That envy, which was woven in thy frame
 At first, will to the last remain the same,
 As sure as Bruin is thy proper name.
 Reason may droop, may die, but Envy's rage
 Improves by time, and gathers strength from age, 665
 And dull grows duller from thy drowsy page.
 Some and not few vain triflers with the pen,
 Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
 And yet affecting universal ken,
 Tell us that Envy, who with giant stride 670
 Stalks through the vale of life by Virtue's side,
 Like bailiff's baseness by the poet's pride,
 Retreats, when she hath drawn her latest breath,
 And calmly hears her praises after death:
 But thou her sleep hast murder'd like Macbeth. 675
 To such observers Hogarth gives the lie,
 Worth may be hears'd: but Envy cannot die,
 Obliquely squinting from her Cb---'s eye:
 Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
 A mansion suited well to such a guest, 680
 The toad's resort, and cockatrice's nest,

Ver. 657. *Or teach old Ringwood not to run at sheep.*] An egregious Babbler, belonging to a certain pack, remarkable for the hoarseness and hollowness of his voice, unfaucal of nose, led only with a view, and perpetually running headlong at unfair game.

Immortal

Immortal, unimpair'd she rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead,
Then damn'd art thou, there needs no more be said.

OFT have I known thee, *Ch---ll*, weak and vain, 685

Thyself the idol of thy aukward strain,

Moving due laughter, and as just disdain,

Through the dull measure of a summer's day,

In phrase most vile prate long, long hours away,

And without measure stun us with thy lay; 690

Whilst friends with friends all gaping sit, and gaze,

To hear a *Ch---ll* babble *Ch---ll*'s praise,

And realize the very part of Bays?

But if athwart thee interruption came,

And mention'd with respect some ancient's name, 695

The fairest bidder for immortal fame,

Some ancient's name, who in the days of yore

The crown of art with greatest honour wore,

Then wouldst thou foam, and bristle like a boar.

How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale, 700

And blank confusion seize thy mangl'd tale,

Flat as thy song, and as thy sermon stale?

How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,

And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own,

As organ-music to the bag-pipe drone? 705

Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,

And arts and artists all became thy pray,

While silent W-lkes rever'd thy louder sway;

Ver. 685. *Oft have I known thee, &c.*] In vulgar editions we read *H---th* instead of *Ch---ll*; but by the context it appears evidently, that the latter is the genuine lection.

Ver. 697. *Some ancient's name, &c.*] *The days of yore* are not here introduced for the mere sake of rhyme, as some invidious Critics would insinuate, but to distinguish an ancient of old from an ancient of modern times.

I

Then



CHURCHILL'S EPISTLE

Then didst thou trample on establish'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools, 710
Or damn'd their masters for a pack of fools,
Condemn'd those works, with praise thro' ages grac'd,
Which you had never seen, or could not taste,
Yet worms on thine deliciously may feast.

BUT would mankind have true perfection shewn, 715
"It must be found in labours of my own",
Peace to thy labours--- let the dead alone.

"I dare to challenge in one single piece,
"Th' united force of Italy and Greece,"
Thy geese are swans, their swans were only geese. 720

Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
And brought the boasted master-piece to view;
Thy plaister-piece would make a critic sp-w.

Spare thy remarks---say not a single word---
The picture seen, why is the painter heard? 725
To prove thy pictures are not worth a t---

Call not up shame and anger in our cheeks *;
Without a comment Sigismunda speaks,
And Charley Ch---ll like a puppet squeaks.

POOR Sigismunda! what a fate is thine! 730
Dryden the great high priest of all the nine,
Profanely nick-nam'd by a damn'd divine †,

Reviv'd thy name, gave what a muse could give,
And in his numbers bade thy mem'ry live,
As sure as Abel was the son of Eve; 735

Gave thee those soft sensations, which might move,
And warm the coldest anchorite to love;
Or give the kite the meekness of a dove.

In a poetical licence for into.

† Damned here implies no more than condemned, decried, or exploded; as when we say a damned politician, a damned orator, a damned poet, a damned critic, a damned libeller, or more damned panegyrists.

Gave

Gave thee that virtue, which could curb desire,
 Refine, and consecrate love's headstrong fire; 740
(Which in thy frozen measures must expire)
 Gave thee those griefs, which made the stoic feel,
 And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel,
To see thee stagger, and thy noddle reel;
 Gave thee that firmness, which our sex may shame, 745
 And make man bow to woman's juster claim,
And yield the breeches to the braver dame;
 So that our fears, which from compassion flow,
 Seem to debase thy dignity of woe,
In woeful strains of panegyric low. 750
 But oh! how much unlike! how fallen! how chang'd!
 How much from nature, and themselves estrang'd!
Are Milton's thoughts in Ch---ll's crambo rang'd!
 How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
 To shew her feelings, and awaken ours, 755
Benumb'd, and doz'd by thy Lethean show'rs.
 Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,
 The helpless victim of a dauber's hand,
Black as his gown and spotted as his band?
 But why, my Hogarth, such a progress made, 760
 So rare a pattern for the Sign-Post Trade,
As on a gibbet ever was display'd,
 In the full force and whirlwind of thy pride,
 Why was heroic painting laid aside,
And Ch---ll with a cap undignify'd? 765
 Why is it not resum'd? Thy friends at court,
 Men all in place and pow'r crave thy support;
*A dancing Bear * must yield them special sport;*

* Vide Mr. Hogarth's *Russian Hercules* in all the printshops; *ubi proflat venalis*. But, O candid reader! see the reverse of human affairs; the Grecian Hercules was renowned for destroying monsters, whereas our modern hero is metamorphos'd into one, such is the magic of a wonder-working pencil!

Be grateful then for once, and thro' thy field
Of Politics, thy epic pencil wield, 770

And clothe our Hero with his brazen shield;
Maintain the cause, which they, good lack, avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how,
Green berries once become black berries now.

THRO' every pannel let thy virtue tell, 775
How Bute prevailed, how Pitt and Temple fell,

And Ch---ll tumbl'd to the pit of bell!

How England's sons (whom they conspir'd to bless
Against our will, with insolent success)

In spite of Grub-street warring from the press, 780

Approve their fall, and with addressles run,

How got, God knows, to hail the Scottish fun;

Thy sun is moon-shine, and thy wit a pun:*

Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd

From the strong arm of justice, shook the world, 785

And ladies flirting all their fans unfurl'd;

Thine and thy country's honour to encrease,

Point out the honours of succeeding peace,

And bid at last thy noisy nonsense cease;

Our Moderation, Christian-like, display, 790

Shew what we got; and what we gave away,

And what we gave not for the reck'ning pay.

Ver. 777. *And Ch---ll tumbl'd, &c.*] By this is not insinuated that Hea-thenish hell called Orcus, nor that damnable hole, to which all true Roman Catholics in their Christian charity consign such Heretics, as have the wickedness to dissent from them. But that *chance*, or place of darkness and privacy, wherein gentle readers repose the voluminous labours of profound politicians, lofty poets, and grave divines, and which emphatically may be stiled, The Limbo Patrum.

* As for instance, England's Sons running to hail the Scottish Sun.

In

In colours dull and heavy, as thy tale,
Let a state-chaos thro' the whole prevail,
Inflamed by gin, and stupify'd with ale. 795

BUT of events regardless, whilst the muse
Perhaps with too much heat her theme pursues,
The Bard may fall into the Bailiff's noose;
Whilst her quick spirits rouse at freedom's call,
And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall, 800

Black as the blood about a butcher's stall;
Whilst a clear country and an injur'd friend
Urge my strong anger to the bitterest end,
*Thy * wormwood verses vinegar'd to vend;*
Whilst honest trophies to revenge are rais'd, 805

Let not one real virtue pass unprais'd,
Nor thou unphysick'd, for thy noddle's craz'd.
Justice with equal course bids Satire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greatest foe:
Then aught in thee she ne'er can love, I trow. 810

O! that I here could that rare virtue mean,
Which scorns the rule of envy, pride and spleen,
Hatch'd in thy breast, and in thy visage seen;
Which springs not from the labour'd works of art,
But hath its rise from Nature in the heart, 815
Eludes thy venom, and disdains thy dart;

Ver. 896. 97. 98. *But of events regardless, &c.*] This triplet is a plain imitation of the following passage from Horace,

Hic dum sublimis versus ructatur, et, errat,
--- veluti merulis intentus decedit auceps
In puteum foveamve - - -

* What we generally call *bitter bad verses*, such as are sufficient to sour any Reader.

Which in itself with happiness is crown'd,
 And spreads with joy the blessing all around!
Thy blessing is in Lethe to be drown'd:
 But truth forbids, and in these simple lays, 820
 Contented with a diff'rent kind of praise,
Such as rank malice must to merit raise,
 Must Hogarth stand; that praise which genius gives,
 In which to latest time the artist lives,
Above the reach of rhiming fugitives, 825
 But not the man; which, rightly understood,
 May make us great, but cannot make us good,
While Ch---ll dabbles in his native mud;
 That praise be Hogarth's, freely let him wear
 That wreath, which genius wove, and planted there; 830
Goodness unequall'd, condescension rare!
 Foe as I am, should envy tear it down,
 Myself would labour to replace the Crown,
*And prove thyself the * Pollux of the town.*
 IN walks of humour, in that cast of style, 835
 Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile,
While monkies grin, and vipers bite the file,

Ver. 819. *Thy blessing is, &c.*] For *Lethe* some copies read *Porter*: both which have strong and powerful arguments to support them. If we prefer the latter, let us image to ourselves a synod of critics, poets and party writers in a night-cellar, where they celebrate their orgies, and, remov'd far from the profane observation of contagious bailiffs, *securos latites et longa oblivia potant*, that is, without apprehension of arrests, as the good old song saith, drink themselves quite out of debt. But if we should adhere to the text, then is it applicable to our author in respect of his past and present compositions, not less than his personal existence, and future memorial. For what Sallust wrote of idle men, may as truly be said of busy-bodies, and pragmatical coxcombs, *eorum vitam mortemque juxta estumo, quoniam de utrâque fletur*.

* A Græcian Bruiser.

In

In comedy, thy nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name;
Tyburnian tragedies assert thy claim; 840
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
The rope, the gallows, and the felon friend,
Each made for each, as bodies for the soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole, 845
And such in season may become thy dole;
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
With barlots, rakes and prodigals enroll'd,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage 850
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age,
While Ch---ll dangles in the pictur'd page.

How could'st thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path, which Nature bid thee shun,
Pursu'd by bailiff, and expos'd to dun? 855
Why did ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools,
Flat falling down between two rotten stools?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent men excell;
But where is he, who can do all things well? 860
I know not one, but if thou knowest, tell.
Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the phrensy of sublime,
To make one mad, and hang before his time.

Ver. 852. *While Ch---ll dangles, &c.*] If we may credit Horace, hanging-pieces were executed and exhibited by the great masters of Greece, and therefore may not be deem'd unworthy the Graphic imitation of Mr. Hogarth,

Suspendit pictâ vultum mentemque tabellâ.

But

But when the work was finish'd, could thy mind 865
 So partial be, and to herself so blind,
To cast thy pearls before the grunting kind?
 What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
 Nor see those faults which ev'ry blockhead saw?
And all such blockheads, I would bang and draw. 870
 Blush, thou vain man, and if desire of fame,
 Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,
Prepare thy pencil for a surer aim;
 To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
 And let her die, that Chærilus may live 875
Again in Ch---ll with a pudding sleeve.

BUT should fond Candour, for her mercy fake,
 With pity view, and pardon this mistake,
To paint a parson for a bear at stake;
 Or should oblivion, to thy wish most kind, 880
 Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind
Of caps and bells and loggerheads combin'd,
 Of Arts despis'd, of Artists' by thy frown
 "Aw'd from just hopes, of rising worth kept down,"
The leaden scepter and the poppy-crown: 885
 Of all the meanness thro' this mortal race,
 Canst thou the living memory erase,
From trunk, from band-box, or an old hat-case?
 Or shall not vengeance follow to the grave,
 And give back just that measure which you gave? 890
With cap in hand, I am your humble slave.
 With so much merit and so much success,
 With so much pow'r to curse, so much to bless,
Had Hogarth drawn folks in an other dress:

Ver. 885. *The leaden scepter &c.*] In some manuscripts of good authority, we read,

Libels on lords, and insults to the Crown.

Would

Would he had been man's friend, instead of foe, 895

Hogarth had been a little God below,

Nor W-lkes nor Ch---ll been a Raree-show :

Why then, like savage giants, fam'd of old,

Of whom in Scripture story we are told,

One had twelve foes, prodigious to behold ! 900

Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ,

Which Nature meant to save, not to destroy

Weak, humming insects like a naughty boy ?

Why dost thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,

Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou has made ; 905

Patriots in farce, and priests in masquerade ?

Most rank ill nature must applaud thy art ;

But even Candour must condemn thy heart,

To goad an afs, and make a monkey smart.

FOR me, who, warm and zealous for my friend, 910

In spite of railing thousands will commend

His port and porter, and his beef attend,

And no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,

Spite of commending thousands, will oppose

That saucy Scot, and pluck him by the nose ; 915

I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,

But with an eye of pity view thy age,

Employ'd in bringing monsters on the stage :

Thy feeble age, in which, as in a glass,

We see how men to dissolution pass, 920

And dost thou not perceive thyself an afs ?

Thou wretched being, whom on reason's plan,

So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a man,

*To Borneo pack, and chatter to thy clan *.*

Ver. 909. *To goad an afs, and make a monkey smart*, argues no less cruelty, than absurdity ; for it is as impracticable to restrain the mischievousness of the latter, as to speed the slowness of the former animal.

* Apes, Monkeys, Baboons, &c.

L

What

What could provoke thee at this time of life, 925
 To launch afresh into the sea of strife,
And snicker-snee with blunt Batavian knife.
 Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
 Almost as much a child, as at thy birth,
To cloak thy follies, than excite our mirth, 930
 To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
 And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of death,
Than shock the living with thy Shibboleth.
 Why should thy grey, grey hairs resentment brave,
 Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave? 935
Thou grey, grey goose, to prove thee but a knave,
 Now*, by my soul, it makes me blush to know
 My spirits could descend to such a foe,
O † Charley Ch---ll! Charley Ch---ll, O!
 Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke, 940
 It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke
To such an ass, insensible of oak.
 Sure 'tis a curse, which angry fates impose,
 To mortify man's arrogance, that those;
Who write bad verses, write no better prose; 945
 Who, fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
 Much sooner than the common herd decay;
Thy herd of asses are not worth their hay.
 What bitter pangs must humble ‡ *Genius* feel,
 In their last hours to view a Swift, and Steel, 950
 Or pensive Poet lock'd up by the beel?

* Ne sævi, magne sacerdos!

† O Huncamunca! Huncamunca O! TOM THUMB.

‡ Here we find *Genius* an hermaphrodite; for which an anonymous author thus compliments our poet,

Wits meet their matches, being only male:

But thy She-*Genius* is a non-pareil!

How

How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast,
 When she beholds men mark'd above the rest,
Bewail'd by thee, become a public jest?
 For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height, 955
 And sunk, deep sunk in second childhood's night?
Sad is their case, and rueful is their plight.
 Are men indeed such things, and are the best
 More subject to this evil, than the rest,
Thus to be dandled by a dunce confess? 960
 To drivel out whole years of ideot breath,
 And fit the monuments of living death?
Alas! poor Poet, how he languish-eth!
 O galling circumstance to human pride!
 Abasing thought, but not to be deny'd! 965
Thy lays be-pepper'd, and thy prose be-py'd!
 With curious art, the brain too finely wrought,
 Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought,
But bless thy brain, it never thinks of aught.
 Constant attention wears the active mind, 970
 Blots out her pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind,
Blank be thy labours, and to blots consign'd.
 But let not youth, to insolence ally'd,
 In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Ride over people, when the streets are wide; 975
 Possess'd of Genius, with unhallow'd rage
 Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age,
Nor pelt a Priest, exalted on the stage.
 The greatest genius to this fate may bow;
 Reynolds in time, may be like Hogarth now, 980
And Poet Pug as drunk, as David's fow.

Ver, 969. *But bless thy brain, &c.*

- - - - - O te Bollane, cerebri
 Felicem!

F I N I S.